

WHAT ARE  
YOU  
DOING  
WITH THE  
TIME...

# RESTORATION

THAT  
IS  
LENT  
TO  
YOU?

VOL. XI

COMBERMERE, ONTARIO—MARCH, 1958

No. 3.

## Eddies of 1958

By Eddie Doherty



The lazy sun was stirring under his red and yellow blankets as we started down the road. In this climate, and at this season of the year, he does not like to be disturbed. Sometimes he sleeps for months at a time. Then he may work all day and all night, to make up for his long slumber. We were on the way to Haines Junction, one of the mission posts established at the direction of the Most Reverend Bishop J. L. Coudert, the great white shepherd of the Indians in the Yukon. Haines Junction is only a hundred miles or so from Whitehorse, the big city of the Territory. And a hundred miles or so is but a step in this vast country.

### Big Mike Wright

We had gone but a little distance when the sun rose, shook himself loose from his gaudy covers, punched the time clock, and reported for duty as guide. We were on the Alaskan Highway, and Fr. Francis Triggs, who was driving, was telling us something about the country. Mike Wright, the latest staff worker sent from Madonna House to Maryhouse, was with us. We took him along not only because he is good company, but also because he had to study the Yukon—and because he was big enough to help push the car back onto the road if, by any chance, it should skid off the icy pavement.

The sun, like a skilled California real estate dealer, began to show us the property. He subtly altered the scenery to the right and left. What had looked like great heaps of white or gray ashes now became beautiful and majestic mountains. This one looked as though it were made of shining purple bath salts. The one a little beyond it could be mistaken for a pyramid of pink talcum powder. And, just over there, we saw a wondrous pile of yellow rose petals.

The country became an enchanted region.

The sun tired of playing with colors and turned the whole world into a blinding white wonderland—The whole world except part we had left behind. There the peaks were lavender and blue and gray and black.

### Our Lady of the Fish

"Here we are", Fr. Triggs said suddenly, swerving off the road into a sort of semi-circle somebody had made in the deep snow. "And probably the missionary is in the sacristy. See the smoke?"

We had stopped in front of a small church, a transformed Nissen hut. It was as pretty and as neat as a gem. And not much bigger. Smoke was growing out of a chimney in the rear. It was growing like a thin vaporish gray vine. It was shooting straight up to heaven.

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Over the front door we saw a strange carving of the Virgin and Child. The face of the Baby was that of a happy, healthy, beautiful, loving Child. In his left hand he held a fish. The face of the Mother was that of a thin, thoughtful, careworn, sorrowful, and hungry old Indian woman.

"We call her Our Lady of the Way", Fr. Triggs said, "Or Our Lady of the Yukon, or Our Lady of the Fish. Some of the priests apologize for the Virgin's face. It isn't as beautiful as it should be, they say; and it doesn't look like any of the Indians in this part of the world".

I knew what he meant. The Indians I had seen in Whitehorse, men, women, and children, were fine, good-looking, well-featured people. The Lady's face did not resemble them at all. But it did—and still does—have the look of an Indian mother terribly concerned or unaware of this true formula for peace.

The fish in the Baby's hand reminded me of a story Bishop Coudert told us, a long time ago, one night in Madonna House, far away, from this jewel of a church.

"The fish is the bread of the Indians. Along toward the end of our autumn we go to the waters and catch all the fish we can catch. Thousands and thousands of them. We clean them and dry them and store them for winter. All winter long the Indians live on them. Sometimes there will be a thaw, and some of the food may spoil. But usually there is nothing else to eat—not even caribou. They eat the rotten fish—and thank God they have it.

"But rotten fish is poison"

someone said.

The bishop laughed. "I have grown fat on it."

Bread and fish! "He took up bread and blessed it and gave it to His disciples." The parable of the loaves and fishes. "Not by bread alone does the Son of Man live." The early Christians knew each other by the sign of the fish. The letters of the Greek word for fish were initials for the words "Jesus Christ", Son of God, Savior. Jesus was given roast fish to eat when He appeared to His apostles after the Resurrection. Roast fish and honeycomb. He appeared to Peter and others who had fished all night without getting even a nibble. He bade them cast the net to the right of the boat, and they trapped so many fish the net almost broke with their weight. Then all went ashore, and partook of bread and fishes cooked over a charcoal fire.

### Not Fish Stories

The little fish in the carving had a tremendous significance. It set my mind afire with other stories Bishop Coudert had told.

"There was a very old Indian who knew he was close to death. He wanted to die with the Sacraments, but he felt this was impossible. He was too far away from any missionary. It would be months before any priest could come to him, even with the fastest dog team. He called in another Indian, and to him he told all the sins of his life.

"You must remember every one of these my sins", he said, "so that when the missionary father does come, next Spring or Summer, you will be able to make my confession for me, and to ask for absolution. If you forget the least little sin, it will be hard for me in Purgatory."

(Continued on Page Four)

## Go To Mass Daily

By Clementine Lenta

Everyone seems to be talking about sputniks and more sputniks these days. And so many people are deeply worried about these and other guided missiles. Sputniks, etc. are matter of concern, yes. But worrying about them accomplishes nothing.

What, then, can you and I—the little people of the world—do about these threatening dangers? A great deal. Our Blessed Mother told us what to do about them. At Fatima. Remember? She said that the weapons necessary for our peace are: daily prayer—particularly the Rosary; daily sacrifice—whatever we must do, or do, in order to avoid sin—and, consecration to Her Immaculate Heart.

### If you want Peace

Mary also asked us for a little special reparation: the observance of First Saturdays through attendance at Mass, the reception of the Sacraments, and fifteen minutes spent in meditation on the mysteries of the Rosary.

Our Lady's requests are God's conditions for personal peace and world peace. They are simple requests. Everyone can fulfill them, if he so wishes. Unfortunately, there are still many people—far too many—who are unconcerned or unaware of this true formula for peace.

**Every day we can offer God the most perfect of all gifts: Our Lord Himself, in the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass.** There is no greater gift. Daily Mass is the supreme offering of love, of thanksgiving, of reparation, and of petition. The Mass is perfection on earth.

How sad it is that, generally speaking, we appreciate and value the Mass so little! What a good job Satan is doing in hiding the infinite value of this treasure from us!

### We Could, all Right

Why is it that we just can't—or won't—go to daily Mass? Let's face it: **Sometimes we could go, if we really wanted to!**

But, we say no. Not today. Maybe tomorrow. It's too far. It's too hot. It's too cold. We're too tired. We've got too much to do. Are these excuses true? Or, are they simply the "easy way"? Surely,

there are times in all our lives when, with a little effort, a little arranging of schedules, a little sacrifice of time and sleep, we could get to daily Mass. We have the time—or we make the time—for things we really want to do. Most of these things are perishable, transitory things. The Mass is not a transitory thing. It is an abiding sacrifice of love, reaching into eternity. It is the greatest Thing in the world. But often, so very often, it remains unappreciated and ignored.

### But We Stay Home!

Sad, isn't it? Especially when we stop to think of the Infinite Value of even one Holy Mass. In the Mass, Our Lord, Our Savior, comes to us. And we go to Him. In the Mass we receive divine graces from Christ Himself. And we, in turn, give Him ourselves, our adoration, thanksgiving, and reparation. We tell Him about our needs and problems, knowing that He will take care of them in the best way possible.

Through the Mass we obtain countless blessings for self and others; we release souls from Purgatory; and we prepare for our own deaths.

Who can measure the infinite value of Holy Mass?

Here we are so very fortunate. Holy Mass is celebrated every day in all our churches and chapels. It is offered for you, for me, for us all. Couldn't we make daily Mass a part of our daily life?

Couldn't we use our missals every day? Our daily missals are powerful weapons against the world's guided missiles. Let's use our missals—daily!

## Rom Maione VISITS PORTLAND

By M. K. Rowland

Stella Maris House, Portland, Oregon—The Feast of the Purification brought us a wonderful gift from Our Lady—a visit from our friend Rom Maione, now International President of the Young Christian Workers.

The previous days had been filled with hurried but happy preparation on the part of the YCW members.

Their room was clean and ready—banners hung—and finally Rom arrived. Coffee and conversation filled the afternoon and night. Monday night Rom spoke to a good-sized gathering in the hall—that's just next door, in the school which we rented when we took the House). Members of C.F.M., Y.C.S., Y.C.W., Y.C.N., and interested priests and seminarians were all there.

Rom's talk was wonderful. It was short—only half an hour or so—but to the point! The most important thing is love! Real love—true Christian love—caritas! Love is ingenious. It finds a solution to the most difficult situations. It is on this love that we will be judged when we die. Love of God and its overflow, love of neighbor. He recalled the parable of the last judgment and those who questioned "Lord when did we see Thee hungry? naked? thirsty? in prison?

### Boundless Love

This love must be on a large scale—love knows no bounds. We are responsible for the millions of people across the world. The two-thirds of the world that goes to bed hungry at night... the thousands of sick and dying... all who need our love and attention. We can no longer stay cramped in the narrow confines of our own little parish or city. We must go out to Christ suffering all over the world, in the anguish of debts and no money, the anguish of loneliness, the frustration of so much materialism, the searching for God, the longing for love.

I thought of our own city. It too is in need of love and understanding. Here men wander homeless, jobless, hungry. Here children are cold and hungry for varying reasons. Here families have no furniture, no money to meet the bills, are sick and cold, need clothes. Here men are in jail—one man's word against the others.

Here some are being defrauded and taken advantage of because of a poor understanding of the language, or because they can't read. Here people are turned from their homes, discriminated against, treated as though they weren't people.

Christ undergoes His agony here too. St. Thomas' idea of a modicum of necessity is needed for the practice of virtue" comes to mind once again.

### More Lay Apostles

It is wonderful to see the apostolic groups growing. Even in the short time we have been here, we have noticed a change. A new life and fire, a new and deeper interest, an increasing awareness of their personal responsibility for the rest of men. And much of this came from the YCW pilgrimage to Rome. There the members received the vision of the Pope for their movement. There was the solidarity of all peoples—those from Asia, Africa, South and North America, and Australia, all working together for the same purpose. Christ's mystical Body... the being of one mind, and the knowledge of the necessity of Love.

The YCW is growing, forming new sections and spreading all over the city. The Young Christian Students are also developing. They, like the YCW, now have a room at Stella Maris for their headquarters. Both the college

## Lenten Prayer

Sally

LORD, I WILL PRAISE YOU  
(if I feel like it)  
LORD, I WILL SERVE YOU  
(until I get tired)  
LORD, I WILL SERVE OTHERS  
(if I have to)  
LORD, I WILL SACRIFICE FOR  
OTHERS  
(if they appreciate it)  
LORD, I WILL BE GENEROUS  
(if others are generous to me)  
LORD, I WILL BE KIND  
(if others are kind to me)  
LORD, I WILL BE CONSIDERATE  
(if others respect my rights)

LORD, I WILL LOVE ALL MEN  
(if they love me)  
LORD, I WILL SUFFER FOR  
YOU WITHOUT COMPLAINT  
(if I am admired by others)  
LORD, I am not a very good  
Christian, am I?  
COME LORD, be crucified, and  
rise;  
And save me from my sins.  
Light the fire of love within my  
heart  
Make your abode with me, and  
Cleanse me with your presence.  
For without you, I shall surely  
die,  
MY SAVIOR!

## COMBERMERE DIARY

Appointment: Staff Worker Rose Gagne has been appointed from Madonna House to Marian Centre in Edmonton, to replace Miss Elsie Whitty, who returns to Combermere for convalescence after minor surgery.

Eddie Doherty, since his return on February 11th, (the opening of the Marian Year of the Lourdes Centenary) has been regaling the Staff with stories of his travels since he left here last September.

Twelve Staff Worker Applicants began classes right after Epiphany. The one hundred forty teaching hours of this "term" include Life of Christ, Creed, Psalms, Old Testament, Catechetics, Liturgical Prayer, Mass, lectures on Secular Institutes, Dedication, Loyalty, Stability, History of Lay Apostolate, Third Orders, Government of the Church, Cell Movements, Mortification, and courses in Home Nursing and First Aid.

Speaking of Catechetics; three of the Staff are now teaching each Sunday, about ten miles from here, a class of thirty children. And on Friday afternoon and evenings, the basement of Madonna House plays host to almost a hundred children for a program of supervised recreation.

The lean months of our bank "overdraft" were helped this year by two bequests that totalled fifteen hundred dollars—one from Saskatchewan, and one from Wisconsin. (We hope that you make a will; and maybe you will remember to will something to Madonna House; and we will remember to pray for you.)

Ronnie MacDonnell took a short course at the Ontario Agricultural College at Guelph.

Do you favor an early spring, too?



It is Saturday, February the eighth, and the temperature registers eighteen below zero. Outside the snow is swirling about, tossed by heavy, sharp gusts of wind. Inside Marian Centre, over one hundred and forty men, jobless, homeless, destitute children of God sit warming themselves while eating the food He provides. Or they stand quietly and peacefully waiting their turn to be seated.

One of the men is with Dick in his little office, telling him his latest trial or his newest hopes. I wish, in a way, that I could be listening in. But I know from experience that it must be one or the other of the two above mentioned items.

### Of Human Warmth

Up by the counter, another man waiting to be served is carrying on a conversation with Bill. And there is some cheerful bantering going on between Eddie and the men bringing back their dishes after finishing their meal. Just a word or two, just a smile or two, and warmth is already added to the natural heat of the house and the heat given from a plate of hot stew and a cup of hot tea.

A large statue of St. Joseph, standing on a specially made ledge by the window, looks down upon this scene. It seems to add to the quiet serenity of the dining room. At one end of the room is a large painting of Christ among the poor, which the men love, and speak of often. They are greatly comforted by the thought that Christ is in their midst, even now as He was two thousand years ago. At the other end of the room, looking down upon them, hangs a large beautiful Crucifix (sent to us from Combermere by B.). They often sit and look at it. Some study it. Who knows what thoughts go through their minds as they gaze upon the crucified Christ, and He gazes upon them?

### Second Coming

One day a man came into the office and said, "Do you know what people would do to Christ, if He was in the world today?"

"What would they do? I asked. "They would hang Him, he said, "Or they would electrocute Him. Or they would kill Him some way or other. And do you know why?"

"Because He would be associating with us. Because He would be trying to help us. Because He would force us all to see the truth and we don't like the truth, and we don't want to see the truth. So we would murder Him. We would dispose of Him. Then all men could go back to their snug way of living for themselves alone—we think."

The man shook his head sadly and walked silently out the door. For a few moments, I sat quietly in thought.

Just to give you an idea of the great generosity and selflessness of these men, I would like to tell you a story of what goes on daily in the distribution of the clothing we have begged for them. As I have mentioned in previous articles, we were forced to close our clothing room last May when we started building.

### That Long Cold Walk

We kept on, however, taking in used clothing and acquired quite a surplus. When we were once again able to distribute it, we found that our present quarters were much too small. A good and holy priest allowed us the use of his hall to set out our clothing and distribute it with greater rapidity—for now there is a much greater need for warm clothing than there was previously.

There was only one catch to the whole thing. The hall is three miles distant from our present location and since these men have no money it means a six mile hike to and fro, in below zero temperatures.

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# RESTORATION

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## WHERE LOVE IS - GOD IS

The candy-less show-less season is upon us. Our thoughts turn to mortifications even though the Church in her eternal and maternal solicitude, has made our fasts simple and few.

Yet do we ever stop to think WHY WE SHOULD MORTIFY OURSELVES DURING THIS HOLY SEASON? Why is fasting given unto us? Why must we try at least to do without certain good things to eat? Pray more? Turn our thoughts to God more?

Do we realize that we should do all these things because we have been created to fall in love passionately with God? That love alone does such things? That it does them for many reasons... to share the suffering and pain the Beloved bore for love of us? To BE MORE LIKE HIM? Love always seeks to identify itself with the Beloved... to be one with Him... so much that He impenetrates all.

St. Paul felt that way... he implemented his burning desire. That is why, at the end of his life, he could in truth say—"I LIVE NOW. NOT I, BUT CHRIST LIVETH IN ME"... If we cannot say it... YET... we wish we could... OR WE SHOULD WISH WE COULD! DO WE?

Lent is the period of preparing to love more—like a bride preparing for the wedding. She scrubs and adorns herself. So should our souls scrub themselves of all that may offend the Beloved... and adorn themselves with all that may please Him.

**MORTIFICATIONS CLEAN. PRAYER AND A LIFE OF VIRTUE ADORN.** It is because we love that we should "observe Lent" as vigorously as our state of health and life permits. True, the Church is lenient, these days, about physical mortifications—but the sky is the limit on the inward ones. And if we are healthy and young and strong, we can, with proper priestly permission, do more than the minimum the Church asks.

FOR LOVE WANTS TO DO SUCH THINGS FOR THE BELOVED!

LOVE SHOULD DO SUCH THINGS TOO!

I FELL IN LOVE WITH LOVE . . . NOT REST . . . SO I AROSE AND WENT IN SEARCH OF HIM WHOM MY HEART LOVED MY SEARCH TOOK ME ACROSS DRY WATERLESS PLAINS . . .	IT LED ME THROUGH DESERTS HOT . . . AND COLD . . . AND ALL THE WAY HIS SORROW AND HIS PAIN STEP IN STEP WITH ME . . . BUT THEN ONE GOLDEN DAY I CAME UPON MY LOVE	STANDING CLOSE TO AN OPEN TOMB WITHIN A GARDEN FAIR AND ALL ENCLOSED SINCE THEN MY LOVE AND I ARE ONE. I REST WITHIN HIS HEART IN ENDLESS JOY— NEVER APART.
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The deserts and the mountains and the plains without water... cold or hot... are our Lents. BUT THEN ALWAYS COMES EASTER! We must make the love pilgrimage of Lent because we ARE (or should be) IN LOVE WITH GOD!

## RESTORATION

### A Love Letter To Almighty God

By Eddie Doherty

Dear God of heaven and earth: The train is bumping eastward with great speed. It is difficult to write. I think I could write more easily on the inside of a cocktail shaker, if I could crawl into one. Still I am going back to Combermere; hence this is the road to heaven, an earthly heaven. And, I guess, Lord, all the roads to heaven are bumpy.

This is the last day of my journeying. Tomorrow I shall be home. For five months and more I have been travelling through the U.S.A., through Mexico, and through Canada. Yet, somehow, it seems to me that I have not been away from home at all—or that I have taken my home with me.

#### Home—Happy Man!

I have so many homes. I am very rich, Lord, thanks to You. I have a home in Chicago, where my brothers and sisters live. I have a home in Winslow, Arizona—in the Casa de Nuestra Senora. I have a home in Stella Maris House, in Portland, Ore. I have a home in Maryhouse, in the Yukon. I have a home in Marian Centre, Edmonton. And I have a home in Madonna House, Combermere.

Whatever little sacrifices I may have made in joining Your lay apostolate of Catholic Action, and in taking a vow of poverty, do not appear any sort of sacrifices now. In fact they look wonderfully like investments. You are never outdone in generosity, God. I gave you my lack of everything. You give me everything I lack.

You even furnished the money I have spent in travelling through these three nations. I left Madonna House with \$190. That was all the cash available. I have visited many cities since then. I have had innumerable expenses. I have spent more than \$1,000 in train and plane fares. And several hundreds of dollars have gone for food and hotel rooms. I sent home a check for \$500. And I still have \$60 in my pockets.

I was homesick, at first, on the trip between Chicago and New Orleans. You were with me. But I did not feel Your presence so definitely as I did in other spots—places where people who love You greeted me. Who can be really homesick where You, Lord, are loved and honored?

#### Awe and Joy

I felt quite close to You in all the branches of Madonna House, at the Basilica of Our Lady of Guadalupe, in Mexico City, at the shrine of the Divine Infant of Good Health in Morelia, at the Trappist abbeys in Kentucky and Oregon, and in the Benedictine abbey at Mt. Angel. I felt close to You when I talked to groups of boys and girls in Catholic schools and when I spoke to members of the Catholic Women's League, the men of the Holy Name Society, the men and women of the Legion of Mary, and the young men studying to be priests.

You were particularly close to me in Morelia, Lord, where You have worked so many miracles through the image of Your Infant Son. But I was overwhelmed with awe and reverence; and beset with wonder and with doubts. So I was not altogether happy there. Nor was I completely happy at the Basilica of Our Lady of Guadalupe. I could not help thinking "this is no place for me, a sinner."

#### Religious And Lay

Perhaps we were closest to each other that Sunday night in the Monastery of the Precious Blood in Edmonton, Alberta, when the Staff of Workers of Marian Centre were the invited guests.

We had dinner there. Dot Phillips, the director, Marilynn Williamson, Marie Langlois, Mary Pennefater, Elsie Whitty, Edith Scott, Dick Parker, Bill Murphy, and I. Msgr. Carleton, the chaplain, sat at the table with us.

Sister Mary of the Rosary, the Mother Superior, arranged the get-together, partly because she loves Marian Centre and all its people—and the lay apostolate in general—and partly to delight and amuse the youngest novice in the monastery, Sister St. James.

This Sister St. James, who looked like a princess in her brand new red and white habit, was once known as Bernadette Davis. She came to Madonna House some years ago to become a Staff Worker like her sister, Theresa. Our chaplain, Rev. Fr. J. T. Callahan, however, discovered

that her vocation was that of a contemplative nun.

The Staff Workers of Marian Centre were all old friends of Sister St. James; but she hadn't seen them in many months. So it was a sort of "old home week" Sunday in the Monastery of the Precious Blood.

#### Do You Like Soup?

After dinner the Staff Workers and the Nuns met in the principal guest room; the Marian Centre "kids" on this side the lattice-work screen, the Sisters behind it.

Sister St. James was given a place beside Mother Superior, and she welcomed her old friends with happy smiles. Never had she looked so beautiful, so stately, so poised, so holy, or so happy. She talked of Madonna House and asked a thousand questions about the people there. That she asked if we still had "sing-songs".

That was like throwing a half-burned match into a waste basket full of paper. The Marian Centre boys and girls burst immediately into song.

"You don't have to like soup. But it helps. Every night the soup has savor. Nothing changes but the flavor. You don't have to like soup. But it helps."

#### Sing and Laugh

Sometimes the singing halted momentarily, for the singers were choking with laughter. They couldn't sing and laugh at the same time. The Sisters were laughing too; and some were singing with our "kids".

They laughed simply because they were happy.

People who love You, God, are the happiest people on earth; and when a lot of them get together—and realize You are in the midst of them—they cannot contain their joy. It comes out in billows of laughter.

During that holy and happy night I compared the Precious Blood nuns and our kids—Sister St. James and her sister Theresa, contemplatives and those dedicated to Catholic Action. I couldn't decide which were dearer to You, which You needed more.

Sister St. James and her companion nuns may never leave their enclosure. Their routine is set. Their way of life is fixed. They work and pray all day. They rise at midnight to adore You. They adore You perpetually. Some of them are always before You in the chapel, praying. You must have a special love for them!

#### You Love Us Too

Theresa Davis and her companion staff workers live in the world. They serve You in the slums. They may be sent anywhere. They are willing to start in an instant to go wherever You call them. They work and pray all day, and frequently it is after midnight when they go to bed.

They work with the very poor, the desolate, the desperate, the degenerate, the hop-head, the drunk, the woman of the streets, the outcast, the abandoned, the forsaken, the "scum of the earth". They have a routine, but it is always being interrupted or upset by circumstances.

People, for instance, hammer on their doors at 2 o'clock in the morning, or later, demanding immediate help. Neurotics take hours of their time, talking dramatically about themselves. Frightened children flee to them. "My mother's drunk, and chasing me; she's got a knife; I'm afraid." "My father broke all the windows in the house, and he took my mattress to the pawnshop so he can buy another bottle; can you take me in?"

Theresa and her companions teach Catechism, help Japanese and Indians who are being cheated, do what they can for Negroes, feed the poor. Hundreds of hungry men come twice a day to Marian Centre for hot coffee and sandwiches and stew; sometimes they even find fresh vegetables there, and fresh eggs. They clothe the ragged, nurse the sick and injured, take care of teen-agers and adults in many strange needs, plow fields, erect fences, reap harvests, conduct libraries, write and edit a newspaper, give lectures, and help missionary priests in a hundred different ways.

They wear no habits. They can smoke cigarettes—if they have them. There are people who feel at ease only if they can smoke with a girl while talking to her. They are people who feel uneasy in the presence of a girl who wears no lipstick—or looks too prim and pious for ear rings or face paint.

#### They Give You All

I imagine you have a special love for them too, Almighty God. Both are consecrated to You, Lord, the contemplative nun and her sister, the lay apostle of Catholic Action. Both give You everything possible to give. Both

do Your work, as You want them to do it. Which do you love more? I know. You love those most who most love You!

The Marian Centre "kids" sang many songs; and the nuns demanded more. It was a wonderful night; the happiest night, I think, in the last five months. The monastery bell ended it, calling the nuns to prayer. It was happy because it was filled with Love. Love for You, God, and love for one-another.

Thanks, Lord, for these five months away from home. Thanks for this train that is taking me home. The roadbed is a frightful one, but the engine doesn't limp, racing across it. And every bump means I'm a trifle closer to Madonna House—my favorite home on earth.

Keep me in Your presence God, at home or away from home; and never let me be homesick again, except for the home you are preparing for me in Heaven.

Forever Yours, Eddie.



## Outer Circle Letter No. 146

The question of parents and vocations is a very delicate, and, at times, thorny one—for somewhere, sometime, during the last half century—we have lost the very sense of "vocation"... have forgotten THAT THEY ARE CALLS OF GOD TO MEN DEFINITELY AND OH SO GRACIOUSLY (on His part) showing souls WHAT HE HAD IN MIND WHEN HE CREATED THEM... HOW HE WANTED THEM TO REACH HIM... IN WHAT MANNER HE WANTED THEM TO WALK HIS NARROW ROAD TO HEAVEN.

Objectively every adult Catholic will immediately agree that PRIESTLY AND RELIGIOUS VOCATIONS are wonderful, a very special honor from God, both to those called to live them, and to their families.

But, subjectively let THEIR SONS... THEIR DAUGHTERS... even so much as inkle that they wish to follow such a call of God... then FATHER AND MOTHER... bristle with objections which are utterly invalid. IF ONLY THEY STOPPED FOR A MOMENT AND THOUGHT THEM OUT! But, alas, they seldom do!

Let us look at some of these objections: "You are too young... wait a while... find out what the world is like before you leave it". If that son or daughter, at the same age, became engaged to an heiress, or a millionaire... the same parents would be DELIGHTED.

Yet Holy Matrimony, is not an easy vocation—as they should know. Easily they agree to the parting with the son, or to the handing over of the daughter to an utter stranger. He has money. He is a good man. How good? What do they really know about him? "She will be happy." Are they sure she will?

But God proposes to their daughter... or calls the son to be Himself—another Christ... and tears and wails are heard in the land! Why? True happiness is really assured to those two if they persevere.

"YOUTH" is an objection in one case, but not in the other! "WAIT" comes next. Wait for what? MAKE GOD WAIT? If the Queen of England or the President of the U.S.A. had invited their son, or daughter, would the parents say "wait?" Obviously NO! They would hustle and bustle and make the child ready for such an honorable interview.

If perchance, this high placed invitation was an offer of a PERMANENT POSITION AT THE WHITE HOUSE, OR BUCKINGHAM PALACE... parents and relatives would be in the seventh heaven!

MAKING GOD WAIT! ADVISING AGAINST ENTERING THE COURT (OR WHITE HOUSE) OF HEAVEN ON EARTH, GOD'S VERY OWN HOUSE... "WAIT... WAIT... WHAT FOR, IF YOU PLEASE?..."

What about that "world" that they want their children to "know better? Our world? Our world of pain, sorrow, fears, lies, competition, our battleground of greed and selfishness, whose motto is LOOK AFTER NUMBER ONE AND THE DEVIL TAKE THE REST. What is there to find out about it, except that it sorely needs restoring in toto to God?

What they really mean, I think, goes somewhat as follows—"Oh I know. You were given us by God... so we might rear you for Him... That was and is our vocation. And we worked at it hard. Now comes the time of parting. It ain't fair. Now, when we really can enjoy you, when we are getting older, lonelier, when WE NEED YOUR YOUTH SO... why do we have to give you back to Him in such a final way?... Monasteries, convents, rectories, secular institutes. All these have strict rules. We may never see you again... or rarely. No grandchildren. Must we die without grandchildren? We can see our immortality in them..."

"Oh no! Not yet! We want you! We need you! Better get married. Then we will have you, and our immortality on earth too, in the kids that will come from your marriage."

That is the truth, or so it seems to me after twenty eight years in the Apostolate and perhaps twenty-eight thousand sets of parents.

How does it seem to you, dear friends? Let us hear from you.



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## ALVERNIA

Box 1300, Station "O," Montreal 9, Que.

## Quiet Sunday In the Yukon

By Mamie Legris

Maryhouse, Whitehorse, Y.T.—My day began at 12.30 this morning when a penniless transient with frozen toes knocked at our door. We had one spare place in the men's hostel because a man left yesterday. So there was a bed for Tom. He was glad enough to be in a warm house on this Arctic night, to say nothing of resting in a soft, warm bed.

Back to my own warm bed, to awaken at seven-thirty. My first thought was last night's weather forecast. It was supposed to be cold today. It is Sunday morning, and one of my Sunday duties is to pick up the Catholic Indians for Mass at Our Lady of Guadalupe Mission on the Indian Reservation, a few miles away.

Mickey, our half-ton Chevy truck, would have to be mobile for the job—so I dashed out of bed, pulled on my coat and someone's flight boots, grabbed an extension cord and ventured out into the morning air to plug in Mickey's block heater. It took just a minute, but it paid off. For, two hours later, with his innards nice and warm, Mickey started without a complaint.

This wasn't exactly just an ordinary Sunday morning. Fr. Triggs had phoned yesterday to tell me that an Indian couple—Joe and Susan—would be married before Mass today. Joe would be baptized too. I volunteered to try to locate their homes and get a couple for sponsors, and also the witnesses necessary.

### Find the Male

It would save time if I knew exactly where to go in the morning. I found the bride's and groom's homes. But the witnesses Father had in mind refused to come. Father said I could be a sponsor and a witness. But I still had to find a male sponsor and witness. I was sure I could get someone on Sunday morning so I didn't worry any more about the wedding.

Now back to today. I made my usual trip to Whisky Flats for the Indians. Stanley, the man I had in mind for the fourth member of the wedding party, couldn't come to Mass because his wife "wasn't feeling well." Knowing that it takes a very small illness to keep some people away from Mass I talked him into coming, and also into being a godfather and a marriage witness.

I picked up the rest of the Catholic Indians and was on my way to get the bride and groom when lo and behold! Mickey stopped!

Knowing that Mickey has a strange infirmity that requires mechanical care every five weeks, I realized he wouldn't start 'til he was cooled off! It was getting close to eleven o'clock, and there was the wedding. And Fr. Studer was depending on me to get the people to church.

Right then he was waiting to baptize Joe!

I phoned a taxi. We all piled in and went to get Joe and Susan. Thank God they were up and ready. And they looked very happy as they emerged from their tents.

### Here Comes the Bride

In a few minutes we were at the church. I paid the cab driver and asked him to return for us at noon. Fr. Studer had everything ready for the Baptism, which began immediately. Then there was Confession for the bride and groom. Then the marriage.

This was the first time I had witnessed an Indian marriage. It was beautiful. There were no noises; no decorations; no flowing gowns; no wedding ring. The groom tried to answer the ritual questions by nods, but Father insisted on a verbal reply. The bride could not write, but she signed the register with an X. Yet this young couple had received the beautiful Sacrament of Matrimony without any flaw. They would go back to their tent and would have a very ordinary dinner. There would be no gifts and no reception.

Tomorrow, probably, Joe will go trapping squirrels. They will never have much of this world's goods but they will live quietly and happily I know.

### So It Goes

When Mass was over, the taxi delivered us to our respective doors. After breakfast I went to get Mickey. He had cooled off and started immediately.

That is just one side of today. At St. Catherine's, Mary Ruth is on Sunday duty and is getting

dinner for our 20 hostel guests, making formulas for the two babies in our care, washing their diapers, and attending to the many requests that a day brings.

Louie Stoekle is still trying to thaw out water pipes. Terry Richard is supervising the boys' study and is supervizing the boys' study. Later she will dine out with a friend. Mike Wright, who has been stoking the fires all day, is stealing a few minutes to write home.

In the basement of Maryhouse our propane dryer has been going all day, trying to dry our twelve boys' laundry.

Life is just one round of activities at Maryhouse, and Sunday is no exception.

## EDMONTON AND IMMIGRANTS

Catholic Information Centre—10012-102nd Ave., Edmonton, Alberta—There is an office in downtown Edmonton which is doing a great work for the Church and for Canada. It is the Catholic Immigration Service, located at the rear of our Information Centre. Under the direction of the Archdiocese of Edmonton, its purpose is to provide for the spiritual needs of the many Catholic immigrants arriving to establish themselves in this city and its surroundings.

To this end several priests devote their full time. These priests, coming from various European countries, are specially qualified to do the work involved. They speak the language of the people who come to them for help, and understand their problems and the difficulties they must overcome.

The first member of the team to arrive in Edmonton was Father C. van Acht, who came from Holland in September, 1955. In June of '56, he was joined by Father Albert Bertsch, S.A.C., a German-speaking priest. Early in 1957, Father J. Hamor, S.D.B., was called to provide for the needs of the many Hungarians finding refuge in our country. And very recently, two Italian Scalabrinian priests, Fathers Ziliotto and Bonelli, have been added to the team.

Though the spiritual care of these newly arrived in Canada is the primary role of the Catholic Immigration Service, its actual work involves much more. For it is felt that spiritual care will be possible only if the social needs of the immigrants are also looked after, especially on their first arrival when they are unable to speak the language and can't find their way around.

At this stage, the priests devote much of their time to help the individuals and families to find suitable accommodation and employment, informing them about the Canadian way of life, and advising them on how they can best integrate into the community and become good citizens of Canada. They also provide opportunities for them to meet fellow-immigrants socially during the in-between stage before full integration has taken place.

One can well imagine what it must mean to these people when they are welcomed by someone who speaks their own tongue and is ready to give them a helping hand. Without a doubt, this tangible manifestation of the Christian spirit of charity will go far in preventing them from drifting away from the Faith of their Fathers—a danger which is always imminent when a person is suddenly stripped of much of that with which he is familiar. The vacuum that is thus created must be filled. It is the aim of the Catholic Immigration Service to help fill that vacuum with the good things our country has to offer which spring from our common Christian heritage.

## Communion

Marguerite Marsh

Softly He comes in the morning sun,  
Sweetly He comes—My beloved one.  
Quickly I run when I hear his call,  
Swiftly to Him who is my all.  
Completely giving myself to Him,  
Trusting, though Faith be dim.  
Sweetly He fills my soul with Grace,  
And allows me to gaze on His Holy face.

## IF SAINTS COULD TALK

By Catherine Maynard

La Casa de Nuestra Senora, Winslow, Arizona—Our Living room is quiet now, and I'm here alone—though, not really alone—Our Lady of Guadalupe, large and beautiful is here. St. Francis and the Little Flower are watching from the top of the Radio; St. Pius stands all day and night on a tall bookcase and smiles down on everyone. St. Joseph, keeps Our Lady company, as do our present Holy Father, The Little Infant, Christ the King, and Christ Crucified. No, I'm not alone at all in this blue living room.

How I wish that all of these could talk to you and tell you a little about what goes on in this room... much happens here that I never hear or see... Since these will never tell their "secrets", I will have to tell you about the things that I know and see.

### A Cozy Room?

This gay, little, crowded room has a million uses; at a moment's notice it can become a dining room, a bedroom, a recreation room. Early in the morning it looks like a library—living room. Many books line the shelves, and many more wait on the floor for more shelves to be built. A dining area at one end—table, six chairs and a buffet—is shared by the librarians' desk and a radio. At the other end are more bookcases, two couches, and a coffee-table, (used for magazines). Blue walls, flowered draperies, pictures and a few plants, make this a comfortable ordinary living room.

During the Morning it is the librarian's office—work scattered all over the table. By lunch time it has changed into a dining room for nine or so... more than that must overflow into the kitchen. Soon after lunch, with a rearrangement of chairs, and a few added, it becomes a catechism class for as many as 19 or 20 children. On three days a week, there are two classes in succession here.

Between classes and supper time it becomes a game room for the small fry, usually the 8, 9, 10 year-olds. They look at books, build puzzles, play games... but mostly they "talk to us"...

### They Want To Help

Any number can be found on any day, hanging over the dutch door that separates kitchen from living room. And without fail, every ONE wants to help us set the table. There have been as many as six or seven setting one table... and, though it takes a little longer to "teach" the very little ones how, it is worth the effort...

At suppertime everyone goes home and we eat alone, but always, before we're through, little people are waiting on the porch for us to finish. Hardly is grace over before they stampede in. It's an automatic (and generous) motion... they all carry something from the table into the kitchen. It isn't always easy to find things around the kitchen, once they've been put carefully away in the wrong places, but it isn't too big a price to pay for what we get—

Compline and Rosary... not exactly the quiet, serene, atmosphere that most people connect with the recitation of the Divine Office. But just as pleasing to the Lord, I'm sure. No inhibitions here. Those who say it with us for the first time, sing out as lustily and strong as those who come regularly. And it isn't unusual to hear the Hymn, "As twilight—" or the Gospel Canticle, "Now, Lord, you dismiss your servant—" being hummed at different times around the place.

### What Comes Natural?

Compline is becoming quite natural to many of these boys and girls. The evening prayer of the church! The voices of monks, priests, nuns, lay people all over the world being joined together, and right there in our midst, occasionally off key, but always devoutly, mingle many little voices from our living room!

These are the hidden joys we seldom talk about, that all the Saints and Our Lady would be sure to mention, if they could tell you what they see and hear in this room.

After supper with dishes done, and prayers said, the room becomes a gathering place... sometimes for many, sometimes for few... usually young people. The radio blares, kids talk and play games. Sometimes they dance, and once in a while, this room becomes a hive of activity as we put everyone to work on a "bee" of some kind. At nine-thirty, or shortly after, everyone goes home. Some days our living room be-

## RESTORATION

comes a meeting hall for the Sacred Heart League, the Catechism Teachers' and other groups. Then little noses press against the window pane, and wonder who's trespassing on their domain.

Just like that, with the couch opened up, our living room can become an emergency bedroom! Very recently a family of five children found refuge there for a night.

Every Wednesday evening at La Casa is "Adults' Night"... chit-chat, a cup of coffee, an evening out... and then it is just a cozy living room.

Once a week, on Saturday afternoon it becomes a confessional... and "miracles" happen. People line up on the front porch, and one by one, go in and out, under the watchful eye of Our Lady and all the Saints, who are always there, watching, listening, loving and blessing all that goes on in this one small, crowded happy room.

## Who'll Eat Now?

Talasari P.O. via Sanjan (WIR)  
Thana Dist., Bombay State, India

## A LETTER ABOUT A

## WASHING MACHINE

By Catherine

I had a letter from a dear old friend who used to be a publicity man. He told me I was using the wrong approach in begging... that I stressed OUR poverty too much... and that I should speak more about the needs of the poor we serve.

His letter made a deep impression on me. I love him and I respect him. So I gave it much thought, and all my attention, I even took it into the Chapel to read again and again. Yet the more I thought it over, the less I agreed with him, and so I sat down and wrote him a letter. This is what I said:

"Dear Friend in Christ, I have read your letter with the deep attention it most certainly deserves. I know you know much about poverty. You have been poor at one time yourself. I know you know much about publicity. You were a wonderful publicity man in your time. Yet I permit myself to disagree with your postulate.

"You see, I cannot bring myself to sort of parade the poverty of those we help so constantly, before the eyes of the public. Long ago and far away, in the slums of many towns, the Harlems of America, I realized that the greatest poverty of the poor was LACK OF PRIVACY.

Social workers... nurses... doctors... and psychiatrists... landlords and landladies... in fact, any Tom, Dick, or Harry in search of a survey on housing... disease... infant mortality... morality... or what have you—come and ask impudent questions. They walk in and out of the homes of the meek... the down-trodden... the beaten ones... "the poor"... as they wish!

I am a little sick of pictures... though once in a while I have used some. I loathed myself for so doing. Pictures of poor Japanese or Chinese or Negroes in Africa and America for instance. Dramatic pictures. A "cute" shot. Pictures of the poor in sickness... nakedness... hunger. All are paraded to get a dime or a quarter. OH, YES I KNOW. PICTURES SPEAK LOUDER THAN WORDS... But I cannot get away from the idea that somehow... in some way... this is wrong... terribly wrong...

"The poor, like the rest of humanity, are entitled to privacy. Christians should give, not because they see the "naked, sick, young, or old, in distress", but because they love Christ, who gave them as yardstick of "LOVING", and of HEAVEN—and of their entry into it—as it were HIMSELF IN THE POOR, and what they had or had not to Him in them... fed them... clothed them, etc.

"Something precious... and very delicate... is involved in all this. It is almost too delicate to write about. Yet I feel it so terribly deeply.

"Now take us. We need a washing machine. It costs THREE THOUSAND DOLLARS. It is a huge machine. With a dryer, etc. It will be run by propane gas. We live in the backwoods of Ontario, and there is no other gas. Electricity would not do for the volume of wash.

We are poor. Period. By choice. We have a vow of poverty. We are desperately poor in cash. De facto. Because we are beggars for Christ's sake.

### Wash by Hand?

"So why do we beg for a THREE THOUSAND DOLLAR WASHING MACHINE? We could, many will say, wash by hand. We would be willing to do so. Only we would never get through the wash we have to do.

"Why do we wash so much? Because there are many of us. Fifty at present, at Madonna House. During the warm months we have a Summer School of the Lay Apostolate. To this come, from all over U.S.A. and Canada, hundreds of people. Do they pay much? We don't care. The charge is minimum. Poor and rich are welcome. They will learn about God and the things of God... for which men hunger today. We will make it possible (in the sweat of our brows, and faith in God for cash to feed and house them) for them to get what they hunger for.

"We will also wash their bed clothes and other things... 200-300 sheets a week... and pounds and pounds of the "other things".

"Can we do ALL THIS BY HAND, OR IN A SMALL, LITTLE BROKEN DOWN, SECOND-HAND MACHINE? We HUMANLY CANNOT... So WE BEG.

God has said "ASK AND YE SHALL RECEIVE... We do not

"If anyone's privacy is to be invaded—let it be OURS... NOT THE POOR WE SERVE... These we prefer to mention simply as "CHRIST IN THE POOR".

### Linens of Christ

"The celebrated WASHING MACHINE THAT COSTS THREE THOUSAND DOLLARS will also serve the faceless, nameless poor we help in a thousand other ways. It will wash their bloody linens for instance. You know we nurse, hereabouts... and run the only free ambulance service. That makes for laundry too...

"I could of course, just beg for the poor who come seeking more than bread... and I could describe, in gory details, why we also wash other linens. I have a facile pen. But somehow I can't bring myself to do it. I prefer to ask, simply and directly for what we need—A HUGE WASHING MACHINE, A DRYER AND WHAT GOES WITH BOTH. COSTING THREE THOUSAND DOLLARS... AND TRUST THE LORD TO JUSTIFY US, IN HIS OWN GOOD TIME... BEFORE THOSE READERS AND FRIENDS WHO WONDER WHY WE NEED SUCH AN EXPENSIVE THING... AND WHY WE BEG SO MUCH "FOR OURSELVES".

Yes, dear friends, that is the letter I wrote to my beloved ex-publicity man! I wonder what he will say in answer.

## Sharp Stones

Dorothea Costello

The road to Calvary is crude and rough. So during Lent, gather the sharp stones in the path of Jesus... these our daily sins that cut and bruise His Sacred Feet... and the little, though offensive, sins to which we are blind from habitual falls. We must be enlightened to know them by penance and fasting, and to overcome them by prayer and sacrifice... and have the grace to "pick them up" and toss them out of our lives... and out of His path... by our daily attendance at Mass and Holy Communion during the season of Lent... Let us walk before Jesus and pick up these stones, making our own way of the Cross so that on Easter morning, we can present a stone-cleaned highway to the Risen Savior.

## TO MY WIFE

Jose de Vinck

Why should I speak when with my every breath,  
My every thought I burn with love for thee;  
When every step I take from now till death  
Brings us together in a closer harmony?

What are these words thou seekest from my lips  
Compared to which flows between our souls  
That thou shouldst want a fleeting sound that slips  
Upon the memory's inconstant

shoals?  
Hast thou such needs of rising from thy silence,  
Of breaking this so secret bond of faith,  
By giving sudden voice and sudden violence  
To that which is beyond what a man saith?

O world of love that none can ever fathom,  
O world in which we live, and work, and play,  
Can any part, can any single atom  
Of thy perfection show in any word I say?

Be thou at rest, be thou at rest, and dream,  
Beloved, of the things that we have done,  
And of the days ahead of us that seem  
So pregnant with the splendor of the Sun!

For all is well with thee, for all is well:  
For perfect light is all thy heart can seek,  
And there is not a thing that I can tell  
That is not yours before I even speak.

## And Then There Are Magazines

The Teamsters' Union is found corrupt by a Senatorial Investigation Committee—and TV brings the picture of greed . . . dishonesty . . . and disregard of decency—to a whole nation . . .

The headlines scream that the New State of Ghana, or some other part of Africa and Asia, are being swayed by Communism and Communists . . .

An American Community is up in arms over a flood of Mexican field laborers (the wet-backs) coming in their midst . . .

The integration of a little rural school . . . or a big city one . . . somewhere in the U.S.A. becomes an International Question, in a matter of hours.

Before events like these, men's consciences become uneasy . . . and one after another, men begin to seek answers to these questions . . . whilst in the background of each mind lurks fear—fear that somehow each and everyone IS RESPONSIBLE for that sorry state of affairs . . . Yet most cannot find the answers. The right answers to either uneasiness . . . of conscience . . . or lurking fears.

Perhaps it is because we do not quite know where to seek such answers, especially we—the Catholics of America and Canada. We have been lately told that we are not reading nations. That like children, we prefer pictures . . . the comics . . . magazines with photos . . . TV . . .

Perhaps that is so. But then also we are not taught really TO READ. Yet it would be easy if we—at least from High School up—were given the proper sources, introduced to the wealth of our Catholic Magazine field. In which there is a magazine for every taste, and every mentality or every educational background. That would help.

That would help, and lead us . . . as we grow in years . . . wisdom . . . and grace . . . to seek out for ourselves such magazines as would answer the ever complex situation of a world that has to re-evaluate almost all its premises, as it looks at a sky that holds—two man-made moons.

Many of us know (but alas not enough of us yet) the so called Big Catholic Magazines that approach seriously, learnedly, and yet simply, many of the problems that confront and worry us daily. AMERICA . . . COMMONWEAL . . . THE SIGN.

But most of us, or at least many of us these days want more detailed specialized answers to these everlasting questions and fears, that fill our bewildered lives these days.

WORK . . . published at 21 W. Superior St., Chicago 10, Illinois (\$1.00 a year) will answer many of the Catholic Worker questions.

THE SOCIAL ORDER published by the Institute of Social Order, 3908 Westminster Place, Saint Louis, 8, Missouri will answer everyone who seeks answers. And will do so in a clear simple language easily understood by all.

The range of interests treated in that monthly magazine, is as wide as the constantly growing range of questions. To illustrate here are some of the titles:

Social Webb of Marriage  
Sex and Society  
Family Allowance USA Plan  
Social Thoughts of the USA Hierarchy

Threat to the American Indian  
Clothes Culture and Modesty  
Iron Curtain and Social Action  
Building Home Builders  
The Totalitarian liberal

The rostrum of writers—interesting too—Douglas Hyde, ex-Communist convert to Catholicism "who really knows" the inside information on Communists and Communism. Ed Marciniak, Editor of the above mentioned WORK Magazine . . . a specialist in all Labour Questions. Rev. John Lafarge . . . S.A. Dean of Social Reconstruction . . . to mention just a few.

Subscription price—ONE YEAR FOUR DOLLARS . . . TWO YEARS SEVEN DOLLARS . . . THREE YEARS NINE DOLLARS. Seems like a lot of money? Perhaps . . . But then again . . . what price KNOWLEDGE . . . that is at the real base of THE VIGILANCE NEEDED TO PRESERVE OUR LIBERTY . . . AND THAT OF OTHERS? What price too—freedom from fears . . . and uneasiness?

What is this all about? This Lay Apostolate so many are talking about? Why did the Pope call the Catholic Laity twice now, I hear to Rome, for some sort of a Lay Congress there? What IS the world coming to, when the

Church allows the laity to mix up with its Apostolate . . .

"Did you hear about my daughter or son . . . someone will say to someone else . . . She (or he) wants to join a Secular Institute! Never heard of such an organization. They are I am told, Lay People who take vows . . . Something funny about that, for they do not become Nuns or Brothers after that . . . BUT REMAIN LAY Highfalutin Nonsense, it all seems to me . . .

Such conversations can be heard the width and breadth of our Land . . . Yet from the mouth and the pen of Pope Pius XII . . . comes allocution after allocution . . . speech after speech calling . . . imploring . . . suggesting . . . praying . . . for that very LAY APOSTOLE . . . in all its phases . . . it is he who in a sense IS THE FOUNDER OF SECULAR INSTITUTES.

## For The Easter Vigil

Baptismal Robe  
Kit of materials and instructions  
\$3.50

Beeswax Candle  
size 9" by 1 1/4"  
boxed \$1.50

We also have Easter cards  
in \$1.00 and \$2.00  
assortments

ST. LEO SHOP  
Newport, R.I.  
a non-profit corporation  
for the liturgical apostolate

### WE DINE WITH CHRIST

(Continued from Page One)

One might expect that after such a cold walk they would be anxious to take as much clothing as they could possibly carry. That is, however, not the case. I have seen one man, whose clothing was tattered but still warm take nothing but a pair of socks. He had none on. The other warm clothing he said he would leave for others who had less than he did.

Three miles walking in battered shoes and without socks. And he would take nothing else for fear of depriving others!

This is but one example, but there are many more that I could tell you along similar lines. We hope in about a month's time to have given out enough clothing so we can begin dispensing it at St. John's (which we have called the old Marian Centre). Then this trek in the cold will no longer be necessary.

### Cheers for Volunteers

It would be wrong to end this article without speaking of our volunteers. Our new building, being ninety feet long and thirty three feet wide, poses quite a maintenance problem, over and above the fact that the unemployment situation has caused many more Brothers Christopher to come through Our Lady's blue door.

Seven thousand were fed in a little over three weeks when we first opened. It would be physically impossible for us to carry on our work were it not for our volunteers. Women come daily from the different parishes to help us prepare the vegetables and sandwiches. Women come daily to help us sort and distribute clothing. High school boys and girls take turns once or twice a week (they come for an hour after school, or for two hours in the evening) and help do the floors, which must be cleaned daily. The men coming cannot take off their rubbers. They have none.

A group of young business men are organized to make "pick-ups" for us nightly. Business girls are helping to set up the library. They take dictation and write letters of thanks to our many donors. Other people assist us with our washing, ironing, and the mending and patching of the clothing that comes in to be given to the men.

An older group of business men, without whom this new building would never have been possible, are putting great effort into helping us find ways and means of paying for it.

It is our prayer that God may bless them all abundantly for their untiring and generous giving of themselves, their time, and work and money, in behalf of His beloved poor.

To all of you, also, dear readers, who have helped us in so many ways, I would like to express our gratitude. May God bless you; and may Mary keep you close to her Divine Son.

### EDDIES OF 1958

(Continued from Page One)  
"The missionary, when he had finally arrived and heard the story, didn't think he could give absolution to a dead man. But he was not troubled about the old Indian's soul. Surely, he thought, Our Lady and Our Lord had been near him on his deathbed, and he was at peace."

It seemed to me, looking up at the wood carving over the church door, that Our Lady and her Son had indeed been with that Indian and had brought with them a feast of bread and fishes—roast fish and honeycomb.

I remembered another story told by the bishop. He had been travelling, with his dogs, through the northern part of his immense vicariate, and an Indian boy came to see him.

**He Will Wait**  
"My father, the chief, is dying and wants you. How soon can you come?"

"It will take three days," the bishop said. "The dogs are fresh and strong. We can make very good time. Will he live that long?"

"He says he will wait until you come."

"If he says he will wait, he will wait. But we must hurry."

They hurried, but on the second day a terrible blizzard overtook them, and it was a week before they could dig themselves out and continue on their journey.

"The chief was barely alive when I got there", the bishop said. "But he seemed to find renewed strength when he saw me. The first thing he did was to ask for my crucifix. I gave it to him and he kissed it fervently, wet it with happy tears, and held it tightly to his breast."

"I heard his confession. Then I said Mass in his room, and gave him Communion. Afterwards I sat on the floor beside his bed, for I was more than a little tired. He made me sleep. He would call me, he promised, when he needed me. He closed his eyes and prayed. I closed my eyes and slept. About 2 o'clock in the morning he shook me awake, and I gave him the last rites of the Church. Never did anyone die more happily!"

### Fish and Cheese

The missionary had just finished his noon meal when we entered the sacristy. Bread and fish and a sort of processed cheese. And tea. No honeycomb, no honey. We spent some time with him, then bundled up for the trip back to Whitehorse.

I remembered little that was said. I was too engrossed with thoughts of bread and fish. I did remember we had discussed the lonely life a missionary lives, the hardships, and the dangers of frost bite, and of being lost on the trail, and of falling through snow-covered holes in the ice of lakes or rivers.

"How many Catholics are there in these particular few hundreds of square miles of snow and ice and woods and mountains, Father?", I had asked.

"Thirty-six", he said, "but they do not all live together. Some of them are quite far apart from others. Hard to reach. But I am happy here. It does not matter that I have only 36 in my parish. I would stay here, willingly, if there were only one to serve."

### Her Hungry Ones

Our Lady has stationed twenty-four priests—Oblates of Mary Immaculate—in this sub-arctic region, to carry the loaves and fishes of her love, and of God's mercy, to all her snow-bound children.

The sun lit us back to Whitehorse, and some of his earlier passion for color returned to him. This white peak ahead he tinted mauve and orange. That gray one over there he stained rose and gold. The sharp black peak he dyed a glittering blood-red. And the towering mass of dark rock that had been sulking against the gray sky, he turned into a crimson and violet mound of shining sequins.

But he had worked nearly seven hours that day, at Fr. Triggs' bidding, showing Mike and me the country and he was tired of the job. He said an abrupt "so-long", pulled his red and yellow satin covers snugly over him, and retired for the night.

### Others

Lulie

The food that I share with others  
Is the food that nourishes me.  
The good that I see in others  
My greatest good shall be.  
The love that I feel for others  
Comes back my life to cheer;  
And the burden I lift from others  
Makes my load disappear.

## Churches of Silence

"Down-under" they publish a lovely little Magazine called simply "Madonna" In its last issue, January '58, it carried a most interesting article on the Church of Silence, asking all Sodalists of Australia to make a resolution, which reads as follows—and we feel should be made by all CATHOLICS OF THE YET FREE WORLD).

"I resolve to come to the aid of The Church of Silence in

RUSSIA,  
ESTONIA,  
LATVIA,  
LITHUANIA,  
UKRAINE,  
ALBANIA,  
EAST GERMANY,  
BULGARIA,  
CHINA,  
KOREA,  
HUNGARY,  
POLAND,  
RUMANIA,  
CZECHOSLOVAKIA,  
VIET-NAM,  
YUGOSLAVIA,

BY PRAYERS . . . MORTIFICATIONS . . . AND ALL OTHER MEANS AT MY DISPOSAL, ESPECIALLY THIS LENT."

Why not make this resolution today . . . Lest we forget our martyred brethren? . . . Madonna, 333 Church St., Richmond, E. Victoria, Australia, subscription price \$2.00 per year

### ROM VISITS PORTLAND

(Continued from Page One)  
and High School levels (which are separate) are penetrating the non-Catholic schools.

The C.F.M. is quietly making plans for their new region, which is being formed and which will also use Stella Maris for its headquarters. The Nurses now have a section of the Y.C.N. God's Love spreads!

### And More Volunteers

We are happy as the group of volunteers grows slowly. A few ladies come during the day and help with the many jobs around the house. They also answer the door and phone. A little group is forming who come every Thursday night. They bring us our supper! Then, after dishes and prayers, they spend a couple of hours doing various jobs. These are the good people who have our adult library on the shelves and ready to be checked out.

I am especially happy about Our Lenten series. Every Sunday afternoon during Lent we are going to have a talk or discussion—kind of an open forum affair. The theme is Christ's Passion. The first week is on the physical setting—the Holy Land. Then a Historical narrative of the Passion—next Christ's passion in music—then in art, and lastly in Drama. On Thursday nights, our Chaplain, Fr. Zenner, is giving a series on the Lenten Masses, their history and background, meaning and significance. This, too, so we may grow in Love.

For Love is like a circle. We love God and that leads us to our neighbor. We love our neighbor and are led back to God. Wonderful isn't it?

### More than Information

#### At this Centre

By Marite Langlois

Nowadays, one hears more and more about the growing interest of non-Catholics in the Church. The fact that our present Holy Father has so endeared himself to the world in general by his great solicitude on behalf of suffering humanity and his admirable pronouncements on the problems which face society; the increasing number of Catholics coming to the fore in various fields of human endeavour—these and other factors have contributed toward bringing the Church more and more into the public eye. To meet the demand for knowledge about our Faith and to counteract the false notions which have been spread abroad by anti-Catholic elements, new techniques have had to be devised. One of these is the Catholic Information Centre.

A Catholic Information Centre is a room or suite of rooms, usually situated in the downtown area of a city, easily accessible to the public. People may drop in to browse around among the literature displayed therein, or talk to the receptionist, a lay person, who is always available to assist

the inquirer. The purpose of such a centre is to provide interested people with information on the Church which, they might hesitate to seek at a rectory.

This is the role of our Information Centre in Edmonton. Let me give you some examples of how this role is fulfilled, in particular, through the religious articles we have on display.

A woman dropped in one day to get a medal of Saint Christopher for her husband. She is not a Catholic but her husband is, and as he does a lot of travelling she wanted him to wear this medal as a protection. In the course of conversation she told me both she and her sister had married Catholics, and she felt it would have been much better if they had embraced their husbands' religion. Her sister has a little girl seven years old, and feels very deeply her lack of knowledge when it comes to discussing religious matters with the child. So, while she was here, the woman picked up some literature which would help them both to understand the Catholic faith better.

During the pre-Christmas shopping period, several non-Catholics were in to get religious gifts for their friends. One young woman said, "I want a rosary for my husband—he hasn't had one since we're married—must have lost it or something—and I feel he should have one." What a little encouragement is the right direction might do in a case like that! Another woman who works nearby came in to pick up rosaries for her two sons. None of them are Catholics, but the boys are going to a Catholic school, and that's what they wanted most for Christmas. Now their mother has ordered a medal of Saint Anthony for herself.

All these small events appear quite superficial—but who knows what their consequences may be. A convert recently told me that before she became a Catholic she was fascinated by the religious articles on display in Catholic centres. Grace is built on nature, and the beauty of works of art which are a reflection of God can be a powerful instrument toward bringing souls to Him. This is just one aspect of the role a Catholic Information Centre can play in a busy city.

### LOOKS AT BOOKS

APOSTOLIC SANCTITY IN THE WORLD (\$3.75)  
Symposium On Total Dedication In the World and Secular Institutes.

Edited by Joseph E. Haley, C.S.C.  
Notre Dame University Press

For the past thirty years, the Catholic world, and quite a large segment of the non-Catholic world, have been asking the same questions—"What is this Catholic Action?" . . . "Who started it?" . . . "Where does it come from?" . . . "Does the Church, the Pope, the Bishops, approve of it?" . . . "Does it do any good?" . . .

As time went on, some answers were forthcoming, but they were not always the same answers—even experts disagreed—on what was and what wasn't Catholic Action. Then, another strange group made its appearance in the midst of the whole controversial subject of "Catholic Action". They were men, women, and often priests, who banded themselves together either in groups of men alone, or women alone, or priests alone, or in a variety of combinations between themselves and called themselves SECULAR INSTITUTES. These multiplied in the last decade most rapidly, especially on the Continent of Europe, adding if one can say so, to the general bewilderment of the average Catholic, and sometimes even Seminarians, and priests.

Now comes a timely book—called—APOSTOLIC SANCTITY IN THE WORLD—A symposium gathered and edited by an expert in the field, Father Joseph E. Haley, C.S.C., a scholarly priest of Notre Dame University, who has been a prime mover and channel of clarification for most of the Secular Institutes on the

North American Continent.

It is a book that should be and will be widely read. It will find a place in the libraries of the hierarchy. Copies of it will be found close at hand on the table of a Parish Priest. Retreat Masters will also read it for it will add immeasurably to their clarification on this new-old vocation of the laity. High School and College Libraries will make sure that copies of this book are on their shelves. For it is the type of book that can be called a reference book, as well as a book to read, to ponder, to meditate about.

### New Concept

For fundamentally it is the story of the grace of God and the breath of the Holy Ghost on our century and its people. It is the incarnation of the desires of two Popes—Pope Pius XI, and our